

Bulk Rate
U.S. Postage
PAID
Permit No. 1199
Columbia, S.C.

Fiddlin' around at Myrtle Beach, p. 6

DECEMBER
TWENTY

Carl Stepp
1918 York Drive
Columbia, S. C. 29204

OSCEOLA

The Frank McGuire story: Part one



PHOTO BY ROBERT JENKINS

osceola

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."

—press critic A.J. Liebling

VOLUME 3, NUMBER 21

Editorial Board
Dick Harpootlian
Bob Thompson
John Norton
Jim Walser

Published weekly by Parallax Media Projects, Inc., 1918 Blossom St., Columbia, S.C. 29205. Mailing address: P.O. Box 5033, Columbia, S.C. 29250

Copyright PMP, Inc.

Phone: 254-7086
(business and editorial)

Third Class Postage
paid at Columbia, S.C.
Published weekly

STAFF

Managing editor Jim Walser
Senior editors Dick Harpootlian
Bob Thompson
Advertising manager Jim Parker

Contributors Tim Driggers,
Hank Gilman, Dan Harmon, Tom
Johnson, Ralph Karpinos, Warren
Kosinski, Dan Lackey, Gary Ligi,
Jerry McAninch, John Marion, Sarah
Oliphant, Tom Priddy, Mike Smith,
Pat Stepp, Robert McMillan,
Melissa Pruitt and Lynn Cansler.

Circulation and Promotion
John Hughes Cooper

Subscriptions are \$5 (six
months), \$8 (one year), and
\$14 (two years). Send name,
address, and zip code with

check to:
OSCEOLA
P.O. Box 5033
Columbia, S.C. 29250

**Know what
you've been
missing?
Plenty.**

Subscribe to Osceola today.

Clip and mail to:

OSCEOLA
P. O. Box 5033
Columbia, S. C. 29250

name

address

city

state

zip

check enclosed

bill me

one year
(\$8)

six months
(\$5)

Politician

The special session blues

The "controversy" over whether or not to call a special organizational session of the state House of Representatives provided an interesting preview of what the Edwards Administration holds in store for us over the next four years.

First, a bit of background: since the entire House of Representatives is elected every two years, the House must completely reorganize itself subsequent to each election. The first step is the election of House officers - the position of speaker being the most important. The second step is the making of committee assignments, which is the duty of the speaker. Neither the speaker's election, nor the making of committee assignments can be effected until the House meets in formal session.

Getting the committees formed and functioning is important for a number of reasons. Initially, there is the reality that committee assignments, particularly for the freshman Representatives, is the primary political consideration between the elections and the beginning of the legislative session. Getting a good committee assignment is a traditional determinant of how effective a Representative can be. So most of the Reps' attention will go to that task until the speaker has made his decisions.

Secondly, all proposed legislation must first go to one of the committees before being considered by the entire House. In an effort to speed up the legislative processes in the House, rule changes were made recently to allow individual bills to be "pre-filed" - that is, introduced prior to the formal beginning of the session, so that they may be referred to the appropriate committees, and processed there during the pre-session interim. Otherwise, this must be done after the session starts, which takes up time and extends the length of the session.

"Pre-filing" is an empty exercise, however, if the committees are not yet constituted. The whole purpose of that specific procedural reform is defeated.

To summarize, then, an early organizational session enables the House to get the Speaker elected and get the committees formed, so that the House can be better prepared to begin its work "on the floor" in earnest when the regular session convenes in January. This is a basic procedural reform which has been adopted by numerous other legislatures in other states to shorten legislative sessions and save money.

South Carolina's constitution specifically provides that only the Governor may call a "special session." The legislature is not empowered to do so itself. Two years ago, following the 1972 elections, Gov. West called a special session for organizational purposes. All went well - the House reorganized, committee assignments were made, and everybody went home. Everyone had been operating under the assumption that the same scenario would be followed this year.

There are two major differences in circumstance from two years ago, however. The first is that Sol Blatt has since resigned as Speaker, involuntarily terminating his long formal reign last year. His successor, Rep. Rex Carter, D-Greenville, whose re-election is as sure as it can be, will be making committee assignments. Blatt will not, for the first time in many moons.

The second major factor is the substantially new character of the House this year. Almost half the members are new. In addition, this House is the first ever elected from single-member districts. Those two factors, coupled with the

anti-establishment voter rebellion in South Carolina this year, almost assure that this House will be the most liberal ever to be seated in the State's history.

As a result, the Old Guard in both the House and Senate are understandably worried about how the new House is going to act. That there probably will be some sort of rebellion against the old leadership, on matters such as budget priorities, ethics, legislative and tax reform, is of increasing concern to the old heads.

The word was thus dispatched to outgoing Governor West that the powers that be wished he could find some way not to call a special organizational session this year. Let the new people continue to be preoccupied between now and January over committee assignments. Meanwhile, the Old Guard remnants on the House committees will have additional time to consolidate what strength they do have remaining, plan

their willingness to forego reimbursement so that the session could go on without that cost. There was every indication that most of the rest of the Reps would go along. Carter refused to publicly call Edwards' hand on that score, because that just isn't Carter's style. No need to make a scene.

But that's even beside the point. The legislators should not have been expected to forego what the law says they're entitled to, in terms of pay. Most who serve in the House or Senate do so at a financial sacrifice. The two days the House would have spent re-organizing would have saved at least thirty days of the regular session next year; everyone was in agreement with that. And that's saving money no matter how you cut it. Edwards' suggestion that the special session might go substantially beyond two days was a sham and he knew it.

Beyond that, Edwards' performance was a typical example of over-simplified false



John Carl and Gentleman Jim: peas in a pod?

PHOTO BY BOB THOMPSON

strategy, and deal with fundamental legislative matters - such as the budget, without the disruptive input of those hot young Turks. When they do finally arrive on the committee scene in January, it will be a lot tougher for them to alter decisions the old guard has already agreed on and is prepared to defend.

True to form, West didn't take much convincing. John Carl's political future will be patterned after the example of former Governor Bob McNair, i.e., lobbying with the legislators for the causes of whatever special interests are willing to pay his price. West certainly is not anxious to cross the power structure in his last days in office.

So West hit upon the idea of turning the decision over to our new "reform" Governor-elect, Gentleman Jim Edwards, whereupon the establishment once again made known its wishes to Edwards that the special session be foregone. The conduit for the communique was Edwards' new legislative liaison, former Aiken Rep. Marshall Cain, who everybody knows gets along famously with Speaker-emeritus Blatt.

Cain's advice to Edward made sense: We're gonna have to work with these guys for four years; there's no need to get them hacked off at us before we even take the oath of office. Let's play ball. Edwards agreed.

The question was, how do you sell it to the people? After all, this is supposed to be a "reform" administration. The answer was, lie to them. Tell them we just can't afford it. "With the economy what it is...with 44 percent of our textile workers unemployed," Edwards lamented, a two-day special legislative session is just more than we can afford.

The whole thing was as clever as it was asinine. Why was it asinine? Why was it a lie? For one thing, a large number - close to a majority - of House members had already communicated to either Edwards or Carter

economy that the Governor-elect's hero, Ronald Reagan, has made famous. Chopping off funds which would go to making our legislature more effective and efficient is false economy, at best. The system we have now enables private, vested interests and their lobbyists, as well as the executive branch of state government, to enjoy undue, often unchallenged influence. Individual legislators have no money for staff, for office space, not even for secretaries to answer mail - much less do research on issues on which they must vote. We need to spend more, not less, on the legislature so that the new, reform people we have elected will be able to effectively do battle with the special interests, and their champions in the power structure of both chambers of the General Assembly. To oppose that, under whatever name, is to effectively subvert reform, on a broad range of issues in state government, the kind of reform that can really save taxpayers money - like tax reform, and reform of budget priorities.

The controversy over the special session was a small but blatant power play. The Old Guard called the shots, and they prevailed. Carter and a few other legislators assigned the primary blame to West, but after all, what can you really expect from ol' John Carl? We've had four years of his non-leadership, and no one should really be surprised anymore at his shenanigans.

The episode was most telling about the kind of "leadership" we can expect from Edwards over the next four years. If he really does turn out to be merely a "Republican John West" - and the early skirmishes sure do seem to point in that direction - there will be more than a few "I told you so's." Still, it's a damned shame to have to live with such behaviour from a man who ran as a "reform" candidate. Particularly when you consider what might have been....

Cheap Shots

Reform or conform?

Looking over the list of recently-announced appointments to the staff of Governor-elect Jim Edwards, it appears ol' Jim would have been hard-pressed to fill the slots had not most of the rest of the Republicans taken it on the chin so badly in November.

Edwards' two main legislative liaison people are Marshall Cain, former state representative from Aiken and House Minority Leader, defeated by Democratic Rep. Irene



Carroll Campbell

Rudnick, and Carroll Campbell, former representative from Greenville, and loser in the contest for lieutenant governor to Brantley Harvey. The latest staff

announcement concerns Edwards' educational advisor, who will be former Representative L. Roger Kirk, R-Richland. Kirk, former

principal of Columbia High School and currently a Richland District No. 1 administrator, was chairman of the Richland House delegation, and was defeated in November by reform Democrat Jean Toal.

Edwards is also searching for a staff specialist on "crime" -- and the rumor mill indicates a leading candidate is former Richland Republican Rep. Weston Adams. A Columbia lawyer, Adams is a former Associate Counsel to the Select Committee on Crime of the U.S. House of Representatives. Adams was trounced in the general election by liberal Democrat Bill Campbell.

In addition, Edwards had appointed retired Columbia accountant Raymond Finch, Jr., as his liaison with the Division of

Administration, and most recently Walter R. Pettiss of Spartanburg for the post of Administrative Assistant, with over-all organizational responsibilities within the executive branch. Pettiss, who owns a Master's degree from Harvard Business School, is currently employed by right-wing Republican financier and textile magnate Roger Milliken. The Milliken firm is famous for, among other things, requiring newly-employed junior executives to undergo what amount to indoctrination sessions emphasizing the ultra-conservative dogma to which Milliken is so devoted. Perhaps Edwards is now ready to publicly change the watchword of his new

(Continued on page four)

Give
OSCEOLA
for
Christmas
and Fight
Inflation!



Our selection of holiday gifts is at it's peak. Beautiful Cashmere Sweaters, Leather and Suede Coats, Wool Sport-coats and Suits.

We look forward to helping you choose the correct gift to make this a memorable Christmas.

Lytle Pressley's

WADE HAMPTON HOTEL - LOWER LOBBY
Phone 253-9522

Cheap Shots

(Continued from page three)

administration from "reform" to "conform."

Edwards a fluke?

The race for Governor-elect Jim Edwards' S.C. Senate seat in Charleston is beginning to heat up even though Edwards has not officially resigned the post, and the

fact that a primary date has not yet been named.

The big news from Charleston recently is that Republican Arthur Ravenel -- who opposed Albert Watson for the GOP nomination for governor in 1970 -- may enter the race later in December. While he is being somewhat coy about rumors that he will run, he does say that he is giving it serious consideration. Ravenel (no relation to Charles "Pug" Ravenel) has been an active participant in Republican political activities both on a statewide and local basis and his

influence with local Charleston Republicans is considerable.

Another Republican who has expressed interest in the job is Dease Gadsden, a Charleston attorney who lost in the November general election to Democrat Nancy Stevenson in a Charleston County race.

Dease raised the ire of some Charleston women when he explained his reason for running for the House seat as, "You don't want some gal representing you in Columbia, now do you?"

Another Republican entering

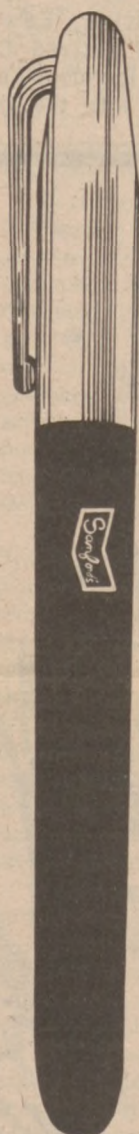
the race is Buck Limehouse, a Charleston real estate executive. Limehouse and Arthur Ravenel were beaten by Jim Edwards in the 1971 Republican primary to fill the unexpired term of Congressman Mendel Rivers, who died during that year. Edwards was beaten in the general election by Mendel Davis, who still holds the First Congressional District seat.

So the Republicans will have several experienced candidates in the running whenever Edwards' resigns his senate seat and a primary date is announced. And

whoever survives that primary must face the Democratic nominee, one of a half dozen or so Demos who have announced their interest in the party's nomination.

Charleston politics makes this race extremely interesting because it might provide a barometer from which we can gauge how well Republicans will fare now that the effects of winning The Big One in November are beginning to show. Was Jim Edwards' election a fluke or does it represent a general trend away from the Democratic Party in this state?

Protect Your Valuables With The New Security Marking System



- Writes on any surface—permanent and waterproof
- Can only be seen under ultra-violet light (supplied in advance to all law enforcement agencies.)
- Will not deface or harm valuable objects
- Has more than enough ink to mark all your valuables
- Comes complete with warning emblems for your home

With your valuables properly marked they initially deter theft. If they're stolen, however, law enforcement agencies can now positively identify recovered items with their detection equipment. Marking is fast and does not deface or harm clothes, stereos, paintings, antiques, furs or furniture.

Only \$1.50

ORDER BY MAIL

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Send \$1.75 (complete with tax and postage) to:

The Supply Center



1428 Taylor Street
Columbia, South Carolina

CLASSIFIED

wanted

Lead singer and/or keyboard player for pop, rock, and roll band. Call Bobby, 772-0655.

Need experienced dressmaker to make velvet cape from pattern in spare time. Call 252-7722, if no answer call back after 11 p.m.

Employment Wanted with progressive group in mental health field. Experienced in the area of drug abuse. Familiar with counseling psychology and interpersonal work. M.A. Degree. Salary open. Columbia area. Bob Osborne, 214 Evans Street, Columbia, 29201.

for sale

1964 Volvo 122S, 4 door, 4 cylinder, front bucket seats. Looks good and runs good. A bargain for \$500. 25 Saluda Trail, 794-8525.

BMW R 75/5. 18,500 miles. 253-3625 between 11 and 6 Monday through Saturday.

Two snow tires (radial) almost new. 165X/5 fits Volvo, VW, etc. Call 777-6838 or 252-0938.

Bike rack for car. Sears model used once. Originally \$16, now \$12. Call 794-5626.

'68 Ford pick up. 6 bed cylinder, 3 speed, 22 mpg. \$600 or best offer. 777-5650.

26 inch men's bike. 10 speed rollfast. Used very little. \$65. Call 786-188 after 5 p.m.

Diving equipment. Tank and pack, regulator, mask, snorkel, optional wet suit, fins, knife. Everything you need. Good Deal. Call 777-8255 or 777-6460 and ask for Pat.

services

Custom Painting. Unique air brush stylings to suit your taste on your Van, Vette or motorcycle. See the turtle now. The Psyche Works, 923 Holland Avenue, Cayce, 794-4955.

Society of Friends. Unprogrammed Quaker worship 11 a.m. Sunday at 3203 Bratton Street (rear). Information, call 254-2034.

Deadline

Ad deadline is 5 p.m. Monday for publication the following Thursday. Ads may be dropped off from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. at the Osceola offices, 1918 Blossom Street, next to Master Cleaners in Five Points or mailed to P.O. Box 5033, Columbia, S.C. 29250. No telephone orders accepted.

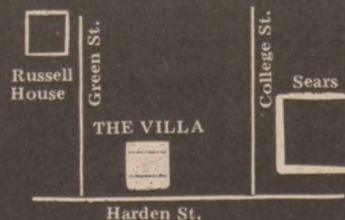
Rates

Non-business classifieds are \$1 per week for the first 30 words and 50 cents for each additional 15 words.

Business classifieds are \$3 for 30 words.

Shopping in Five Points Isn't Complete Without a Visit to The Villa

827 Harden St.
Phone 252-8627



Pizza
Ravioli
Lasagna
Spaghetti
Veal Parmigiana

OPEN FOR LUNCH: Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.
Sunday through Thursday evenings, 4:30 p.m. to 1:00 a.m.
Friday and Saturday evenings, 4:30 p.m. to 2:00 a.m.

NATIONAL TOPICS

TRB
FROM WASHINGTON

Out of contact?

BEIRUT — I am standing on Rue Hussein Talhouk amid 20-story new-built apartments owned by sheik oil money. Three men and a small truck are delivering a spanking new Frigidaire to a private dwelling. A figure out of the Arabian Nights in a robe tied at his waist maneuvers the entire refrigerator on to his back and braced by a rope round his forehead he staggers up two stories. He would carry it four stories if the family lived higher.

This is Beirut, an island of "neutrality" in the Middle East. Its southern villages harbor Palestine guerillas which Israel bombs now and then. Lebanon's token army does not make war. Lebanon has perhaps 3 million people, theoretically half of them Christian, half Arab, though nobody takes a census because the Arab birthrate is higher and the political structure is based on theoretical equality. There are also perhaps, 10,000 Jews who trade normally. It is the banking and the intelligence center of the area; much of the Middle East news you read is datelined "Beirut."

Rome rides its nimble, cat-footed Fiats, but here American and European gas-guzzlers make the wildest traffic I have ever seen (though some put Damascus ahead). Almost no traffic cops; almost no traffic lights; "sidewalks" are used for parking; I watched a driver make a wrong-way cutoff up a narrow, one-way street. You wait to dart between cars over streets torn up for new construction. Some call it a second Paris, this throbbing, dynamic city between mountains and blue Mediterranean, into which it pours untreated sewage.

Here comes a creaky wagon between a lavish Mercedes and an Opel in the bumper-to-bumper traffic, the driver standing and honking a rubber horn off some forgotten vintage car and shouting "Kaz! Kaz!" for kerosene. Nobody heeds. The throng wears modern clothes, with now and then a Turk in fez and boggy pants, or a Saudi in white headdress and sheet.

This is the cross-roads and testingplace of the Middle East and it is oppressed with the fear of war. Not war in which Lebanon can hope for a glorious part; its ultimate aspiration is to survive. It is a Phoenician capital, it has seen conquerors come and go, Pharaohs, Greeks, Romans, Turks, French -- and a British cannon ball or two is wedged in the Crusaders' fort at Biblos, from some misunderstanding in the past century.

Always and everywhere the question at diplomatic or private parties is "What will America do?" It was like this in Berlin perhaps in 1914, and again in 1939. The *Paris Herald Tribune* says, "Israeli Mobilization Report Feeds Middle East Tensions." Later comes Arafat's speech to the UN, and the barbaric hi-jackings by Arab fanatics. Lebanese president Suleiman Franjeh had his nose put out of joint by the Americans when he failed to get what he considered an appropriate official U.S. welcome at the UN, and when customs dogs sniffed the official baggage for hashish. Small points, you say, but he came as representative of certain Arab states and these small items are the very slights which the supersensitive Middle East is looking for from patronizing America. Franjeh got his apology after Ambassador Godley hastily flew back to Washington.

Is there a right or wrong in this struggle? To make a homeland for Jews, Palestinians were ousted and now they want back, and unassimilated Palestine camps, almost colonies in themselves, swell Lebanon's problems.

I wake at 4:30 to hear the rise and fall of the Koran chanted from surrounding minarets, ecstatic, religious, sonorous. How can the human voice rise so loud? It doesn't; they are using recordings; it is mechanized acoustical metaphysics. I turn on the ear-plug radio and hear the steady unemotional, upper-class BBC voice calmly reporting disasters. Over the city roar airport planes as noisy in this open-window-California-climate town as though

they were right in the room. Nobody pays attention. But when a couple of planes break the sound-barrier with a bang-bang, people move uneasily. Is it war yet? No, they say, not yet.

It would behoove America to know this world better. U.S. technicians and engineers swarm back from Arab countries and argue American news is slanted. Janice Terry and Gordon Mendenhall of Eastern Michigan University, in an article printed in the *Journal of Palestine Studies* (Autumn 1974) weigh coverage of the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, and *Detroit Free Press* of the 1973 Arab-Israeli conflict, as part of a 25 year study. I distrust these IBM punchcard surveys of alleged newspaper prejudice, but for what its worth they assert that news, editorials and features "again reveal a rather consistent pro-Israeli and anti-Arab bias." Maybe. I am more impressed by a less sweeping generalization from a top-rank resident American journalist here: "The U.S. has been behind the rest of the world on the Palestine issue for 10 years," he says.

A Seth Thomas electric clock of my host acts erratically and I take it into an electrician's. "Take it back to America," he advises, "it won't work here; we are on different cycles." Is it symbolic?

Why do they all hate each other, wonders the naive American? The story is of the scorpion and the frog faced with a flood; the frog agrees to carry the scorpion over to the other side if the latter will intercede with his enemies there. Half way across the scorpion stings the frog. "Now we will both die," says the sinking frog, "why did you do that?" The answer comes clear: "Because this is the Middle East," says the scorpion.

On the way to the airport I pass the Shateela Palestine refugee camp. It is a great shanty town. They fill out their meager UN hand-outs with combings from the adjacent garbage dump.

JACK ANDERSON

AND THE WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

WASHINGTON — The United States does more to feed the world's hungry than any other nation on earth.

But we have little reason to be smug. For the truth is that our leaders use our food, not for humanitarian purposes, but to serve America's political and strategic interests.

The starving nations of Africa, for example, receive relatively little U.S. aid. A food assistance request from the desperate nation of Sierra Leone is now languishing on the desk of a Washington bureaucrat. Meanwhile, that nation is forced to buy rice from Egypt at commercial rates.

But Egypt gets plenty of food aid from the United States, primarily because of its strategic position in the Middle East. Syria, too, benefits from its location in the Middle East tinderbox. It has just received a \$22.5 million loan — at a piddling two per cent interest — to buy food from us.

The bulk of our surplus food goes to East Asia — mainly South Vietnam and South Korea — where other strategic considerations are involved.

A starving child of the Third World knows little about international politics. Most are fortunate to know the name of their nation. But they have a much better chance of getting a meal if the United States wants to buy the friendship of the government.

Pampered Poohbahs

With the Christmas recess just weeks away, the State Department is beginning to feel the pressure from congressmen with a yen to globetrot.

Although Congress pays its own travel bills, the State Department serves as Capitol Hill's travel agency. Most of the striped-pants bureaucrats resent having to pamper the itinerant congressional hordes, but the top officials at State actually encourage the lawmakers' wanderlust.

No fewer than 25 State Department employees work full time ministering to Congress. Their annual budget exceeds half a million dollars. The sole rationale for this congressional "liaison" operation is to win enough votes to support the department in its annual budget fight.

State Department insiders have told us privately that

congressional travel is a vital part of the lobbying effort. "We have no organized constituency," one official said, "so we have to line up the votes ourselves."

Thus, the State Department curries favor with congressmen by riding herd over the smallest details of the junkets. The diligent diplomats make hotel reservations, arrange flight schedules and fret about a host of other trivialities.

Internal cables, which we have obtained, notify foreign outposts that Sen. James Abourezk, D-S.D., for example, is a vegetarian. Other telegrams flashed word that Rep. Edward Hutchinson, R-Mich., wanted tickets for the opera "Aida" during a junket to Austria.

The State Department is so grandmotherly that legislators occasionally ask the department not to assist them with their plans, so that the diplomats will not get underfoot.

"Nyet!"

There is a strong possibility, as we have reported, that the cold war between the United States and Russia will be renewed in Europe. Economic and political chaos in Portugal, Spain, France, Italy and Greece has made the Continent ripe for revolution.

President Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger fear these nations may fall like dominos to the Communists. The Soviets, meanwhile, are beginning once again to speak of worldwide Communist revolution.

U.S. intelligence analysts, however, are convinced that the world will be spared another cold war. The reason: European leaders, both capitalist and Communist, do not want to be dominated by any superpower.

Take, for example, the West European Communist parties. By and large, they are more concerned with domestic problems than in getting along with Moscow.

The one exception is Portugal. The Communist party there is strongly pro-Moscow. Italian Communists, on the other hand, have been badgering their European comrades to break away from the Kremlin's grip. And the traditionally independent French Communists have been following the Italian lead. They, too, think that too close an association with the Soviets would be detrimental to their cause.

Political feed

The Spanish Communist party has been at odds with Moscow since Russia invaded Czechoslovakia in 1968. Soviet and Spanish Communists recently patched over some of their differences. But it was Moscow that had to knuckle under, not the Spaniards.

In Greece, the Communists are deeply split between pro- and anti-Moscow factions.

In short, the United States and Russia may well be girding up for a new cold war. But their European allies are proving to be reluctant participants.

Henry's Hangup

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who has a fine eye for a pretty ankle, took special notice of the foreign minister from Uganda at the UN a few weeks ago. The African diplomat is the striking Elizabeth Bagaya, who once modeled for Vogue magazine under the nom de plume "Elizabeth of Toro." Each foreign minister Kissinger greeted with a comment along these lines: "It's nice to meet you. But I have seen prettier foreign ministers."

Saxbe Sacked?

Some of President Ford's most powerful associates have urged him to fire Atty. Gen. William Saxbe, whom they view as lazy and loose-tongued. But Ford promised Saxbe months ago that he could have the job as long as he wants and the President is a man who stands by his word. Even though Ford, too, has soured on Saxbe, our sources say the President will patiently wait for him to quit of his own accord.

Eulogy

Four years ago, a young priest named Father Tito was mercilessly tortured by the Brazilian government. He was beaten, burned with cigarettes and live electric wires were stuffed into his mouth. Fearing he would eventually betray his friends — all political enemies of the military regime — he attempted to cut his wrists.

A few days ago, at the age of 28, Father Tito died in Paris, where he had gone for sanctuary. In Brazil, Father Tito's brothers celebrated a mass for his soul, thus risking the same kind of torture that Father Tito suffered.

Music

Bluegrass bopping at the beach

by Dan Harmon

I've never been as impressed by a fiddler as I was Thanksgiving Day at Myrtle Beach, when a lanky, bespeckled, 18-year-old boy ambled onstage at the convention center with a pick-up band to do a little fill-in entertaining. It was just prior to Bill Monroe's first evening set, and the festival-goers were mostly still at supper. There was plenty of time for them to get back and find good seats in the auditorium before Monroe came on.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like for you to give a warm welcome to a fine young fiddler, J.B. Prince from High Point, North Carolina," the emcee said.

Aside from the sparse crowd who had heard the boy perform earlier in the day, few in the audience knew who he was. "J.B. Smith? Never heard of 'im." Well, you don't expect much from a fill-in act.

We didn't expect what we got. J.B. Prince is not only a professional by any standards; the boy's an ideal entertainer.

Johnny Dacus, probably my favorite fiddler, will stand flat-footed onstage when he gets wound up in "Johnson's Mule" and just bow the fire out of his fiddle strings, and for him, that's the end of it, that's where his music leads, and it leads no further. But for J.B. Prince, bowing the fire out of the strings in some fast-tempo break is only a part of it. He can shuffle with the best of them, but he doesn't stop there. He's forever reaching back down into his bottomless bag of techniques and coming up with a fistful of new ones.

He did the standard "Orange Blossom Special." In that song, the fiddler plays some preliminary train imitations in the key of E, then puts it into high gear and changes to A key, from where he shuffles through the regular A-D-E-A progression twice. Then he shifts back into E for another round of train imitations and frills, followed by another shuffle sequence. In any performance of the song the first key change, from the imitations into the shuffle, is really the climax, even though it occurs early in the song. The audience invariably applauds there. Later, when the change is repeated, it's sort of a sub-climax, and the audience may or may not applaud there to a lesser degree, depending on how well the fiddler

has presented his second batch of imitations.

Now, What J.B. does is to start off in the typical fashion, with the imitations. But he just keeps doing them, one after the other, no apparent end to the different frills, for maybe four or five minutes. Just those crazy imitations, all in E chord. No key change, no shuffle, and the audience is, like, sitting on the edges of their seats, waiting for that key change, that climax. The back-up members keep glancing at J.B.; they're getting worried, too. The audience is murmuring. Maybe J.B.'s simply forgotten how the shuffle part goes! But finally he grins and tosses back his bangs, his mouth sets itself in a contented half-smile, and J.B. glides into that key change, man, and the audience releases all of their pent-up applause and the quarter-full auditorium sounds full of people cheering, and that, to me, is what's great about bluegrass. Not the specifics - the fact that it's the most refreshing version of "Orange Blossom Special" I've ever heard - but the manner in which everything takes place.

What's really great about J.B. is that he loves his music. You can tell, watching him up there onstage, with that faraway, pleased semblance of a smile on his face. He's young, he's not on the road with a major bluegrass band where your music becomes routine and you play the same material because that's what your followers begin to expect of you and that's why you're getting paid. On Thanksgiving Day 1974, J.B. Prince wasn't like the others. Maybe on Thanksgiving Day 1975 he will be like the others. If so, it will be the tragedy of the century in music.

At this point J.B. is a freelance bluegrass fiddler by trade. "I go to a place to fiddle, and they fix me up with a group," he said. But he's out of school, he's available, and he wants in a band full-time.

"I wanna make a living at it if I can. That's pretty hard to do, you know. I wanna work in a group full-time, but most groups around don't work full-time, so there's no group right now I'm interested in working with."

He's been in lots of small-time, temporary groups since his musical beginnings at pre-school age. "When I was



J.B. Prince

crib-size," he recalled, "I was tryin' to play the uke. But I really didn't start tryin' to learn 'til I was four or five years old, maybe."

His father started him on guitar. He took up the mandolin at age 8 and fiddle and banjo at 10 or 11. Fiddlin' Joe Green of High Point was "the first good fiddler I ever heard," he claimed; and from there he developed particular likings for the fiddling of Howdy Forrester and Benny Martin. Bill Monroe's famous fiddler, Kenny Baker, is J.B.'s favorite in the bluegrass style. In "old-time" fiddling, he goes for Clark Kessinger's work.

He made his first radio performance when he was eight. His first contest victory, at age 14, was a biggie: Union Grove, 1970. There, J.B. placed first in single performance competition and second in fiddling. Those honors got him a national TV slot on "To Tell the Truth." In addition, he was the subject of a Walter Cronkite feature interview, though he isn't sure whether or not the videotape was ever aired.

"I don't necessarily like the sound of a fiddle better than other instruments," he noted with irony. Grinning, he added, "I sure like to play it better than anything else."

J.B. rates his fiddling as "way down the line. There's a whole lot better than me." And he studies other fiddlers. After his Tuesday evening performance he found a seat in the audience and watched in fascination as Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys performed.

His goal is to "be the best."

He'll make it. No doubt about that. Assuming he isn't already the best.

South Carolina has only one major bluegrass festival each year, the Myrtle Beach affair which for most big bands concludes the eight-month festival season. There are dozens of fests in North Carolina,

Virginia, Tennessee and Georgia. Even Florida offers several sizeable events. And whereas major festivals such as Bean Blossom draw fans numbering into five figures, Roy Martin, promoter of six festivals including the one here, is happy to lure 5,000 people to Myrtle Beach.

"South Carolina isn't very strong on bluegrass," Martin drawled. "There aren't any radio stations, that I know of, that play a lot of it here."

Two years ago he tried a festival at Varnville in the lower part of the state. "It was a flop," he said simply. "Theoretically it should have gone good. The weather was perfect. I promoted it heavily. But the people didn't show. I don't know, maybe it was the location."

The Chester pharmacist is one of the most congenial characters you will ever meet. He's 41. "And I feel it today," he joked. "It really gets to you. Today we had a shaky start. Our first group, the Smokey Ridge Boys, had a death in the family, and whenever your first group doesn't show up....Another band, the Dixie Ramblers, cancelled at the last minute because of a death. So I'm on the phone Tuesday trying to get a group to fill in."

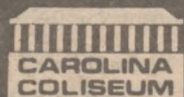
On the surface, at least, the neat, businesslike Martin had kept his composure. He chatted about his breaking into the festival business seven years ago, and I learned that he is a frustrated banjo player like myself. I mentioned my difficulties, and he was enthused. "You know, I was that way, too. When I would get up to play my fingers would be stiff. I just couldn't get up any speed."

Martin said he has little trouble booking the best entertainers for his Thanksgiving weekend festival, partly because of the lack of competition from other festivals on that date. But it isn't always easy.

"Today there's more demand for bluegrass musicians than there's ever been in history because of the festivals. I think we're gonna get too many festivals. There aren't that many good groups that'll draw the people."

His own future game plan: "I'm gonna promote 'em just as long as I can."

in concert
DEEP PURPLE
Sun., Dec. 15 • 8pm



TICKETS \$6.50-\$5.50-\$4.50

ON SALE
Coliseum Box Office
Taylor Street Pharmacy
Broadwood Pharmacy
Ft. Jackson S.S.
All Usual Coliseum Ticket Outlets



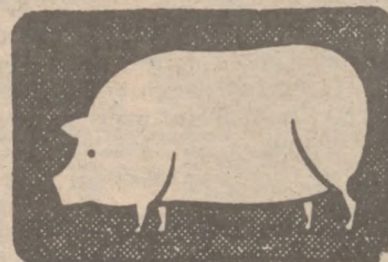
tunes
& things

251-6174
933 Main St.
Behind the Capitol

Open

Mon/Fri 10-7

Sat 10-6



8 track tape sale
through wed..dec.11

all 8 tracks & cassettes
\$3.00 off list price

A glimpse into the musical past

IGOR KIPNIS
in concert (December 1, 1974)
at Columbia Museum of Art

A unique glimpse into the musical past was offered Sunday afternoon at the Columbia Museum of Art by virtue of a concert appearance by world-renowned harpsichordist Igor Kipnis. A standing room only audience crowded into the concert room of the Museum of Art and an adjacent hallway to hear a program devoted entirely to material by the composer J.S. Bach.

The selection of Bach's music was very appropriate in that Bach, like many other Baroque composers, authored the great majority of his works on the harpsichord with that instrument's effects in mind. For musical purists, the harpsichord allows the music of these composers to be played just as it was six hundred or so years ago.

Kipnis, as his credentials indicate, is a highly qualified interpreter of the harpsichord and of the music of its era. Presently professor of music at Connecticut's Fairfield University, Kipnis has recorded 18 albums and has received two Grammy nominations. In 1973, Time magazine labeled him "America's finest harpsichordist."

Kipnis began his all Bach program with "Partita No. 1 in B-flat Major." Immediately the listener was musically transported, as if in a time-war, into a time of classical elegance and grace. One could imagine oneself in the splendor of Versailles or in stately Vienna listening to a concert given for the royalty of the period. Such was the impact of the music. Many in attendance were noticeably contemplative and reflective in mood as they sat under the influence of the Kipnis magic.

After completing the first composition, Kipnis gave a short talk on the background and working mechanisms of the harpsichord. Kipnis related that his own harpsichord was only four years old, a product of one of the 175 harpsichord manufacturing enterprises in the world. The metallic sound the harpsichord emits, he explained, results from plucking strings, rather than striking them as in a piano. Because the strings are plucked, Kipnis said, the tone produced is short in duration and the volume is virtually uncontrollable. Thus the harpsichord, while similar to the piano, requires a distinct technique and approach.

"Partita No. 2 in C Minor" followed the oral interlude. The "Sinfonia" segment of this composition brought to mind Walter Carlos' *Switched-On Bach* album. Although the harpsichord lacks electronic amplification, n, its tonal quality is closely akin to the synthesizers so popular in today's music. The concluding "Capriccio" was especially enjoyable.

After an intermission, Kipnis ended the program with "Partita in B Minor (The French Overture)." This work, in eight parts, took approximately 30 minutes to complete, but the virtuosity of Kipnis made the time span seem much shorter. The composition was over and the program

completed much too soon for the intrigued listeners. This "Partita" seemed to be Kipnis' favorite, and his enthusiasm was apparent.

The Museum of Art should be commended for bringing a talent of

such magnitude to appear as part of its concert series. One flaw was apparent, however, and this problem is one which the Museum is acutely aware of -- lack of space in the concert setting. Many people

were turned away, and several of those admitted had to sit on the floor or stand outside in the hallway. Listeners were distracted on several occasions by the conversations of visitors to the

adjacent art galleries, and at one point a flushed toilet nearly drowned out the entire "Overture" of the final "Partita." Hopefully this situation will be alleviated when funding for an improved concert area is found. Tim Driggers

This Holiday Season Enjoy

The gift of music

PIONEER

when you want something better



\$18⁵⁰
Reg. \$24.50

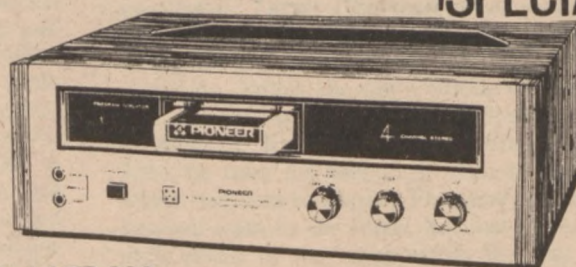
SPECIAL PRE-CHRISTMAS
SAVINGS ON PIONEER
STEREO HEADSETS

PIONEER TAPE PLAYERS

THE ONE YOU WAITED FOR

Pioneers TP-777 Deluxe 8-track
Car Stereo

Start At **\$39⁹⁵**

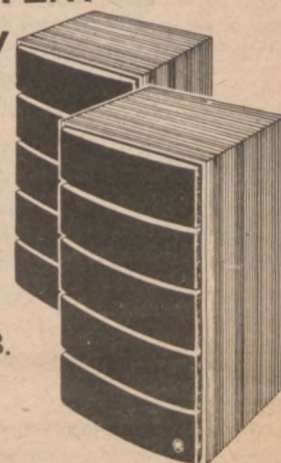


Model TP-222

COMPLETE PIONEER SYSTEM READY TO ENJOY



C.

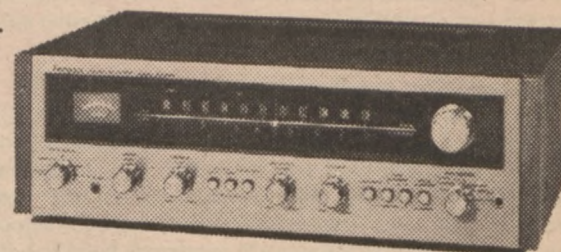


B.

A. Famous Pioneer SX-424 Receiver
B. Matched Pioneer Pro-60 Speakers
C. Precision Crafted British Changer With Magnetic Cartridge

Pre-Seasoned Priced **\$299⁹⁵**
At Only ...

A.



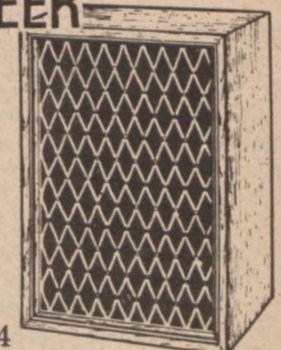
IF PURCHASED SEPARATELY WOULD BE \$404.45

SPECIAL PURCHASE ON PIONEER SPEAKER SYSTEMS

NOW IN PAIRS OR WITH SYSTEMS

\$125⁰⁰ Per Pr. **\$69⁹⁵** each

ES-44



MAKE YOUR PURCHASE PRIOR TO DEC. 8th AND RECEIVE:
*FREE INSTALLATION IN METROPOLITAN COLUMBIA
*OUT OF TOWNERS, FREE U.P.S. TO YOUR HOME
*OPEN TIL 8 P.M. DURING SALE



Our Service Dept. Maintained

Especially for YOU!

2714 Devine

Drawley's

TV & MUSIC CENTER

20 Years Same Location

Stereo Components Tapes

Ph. 256-0541

The McGuire mystic

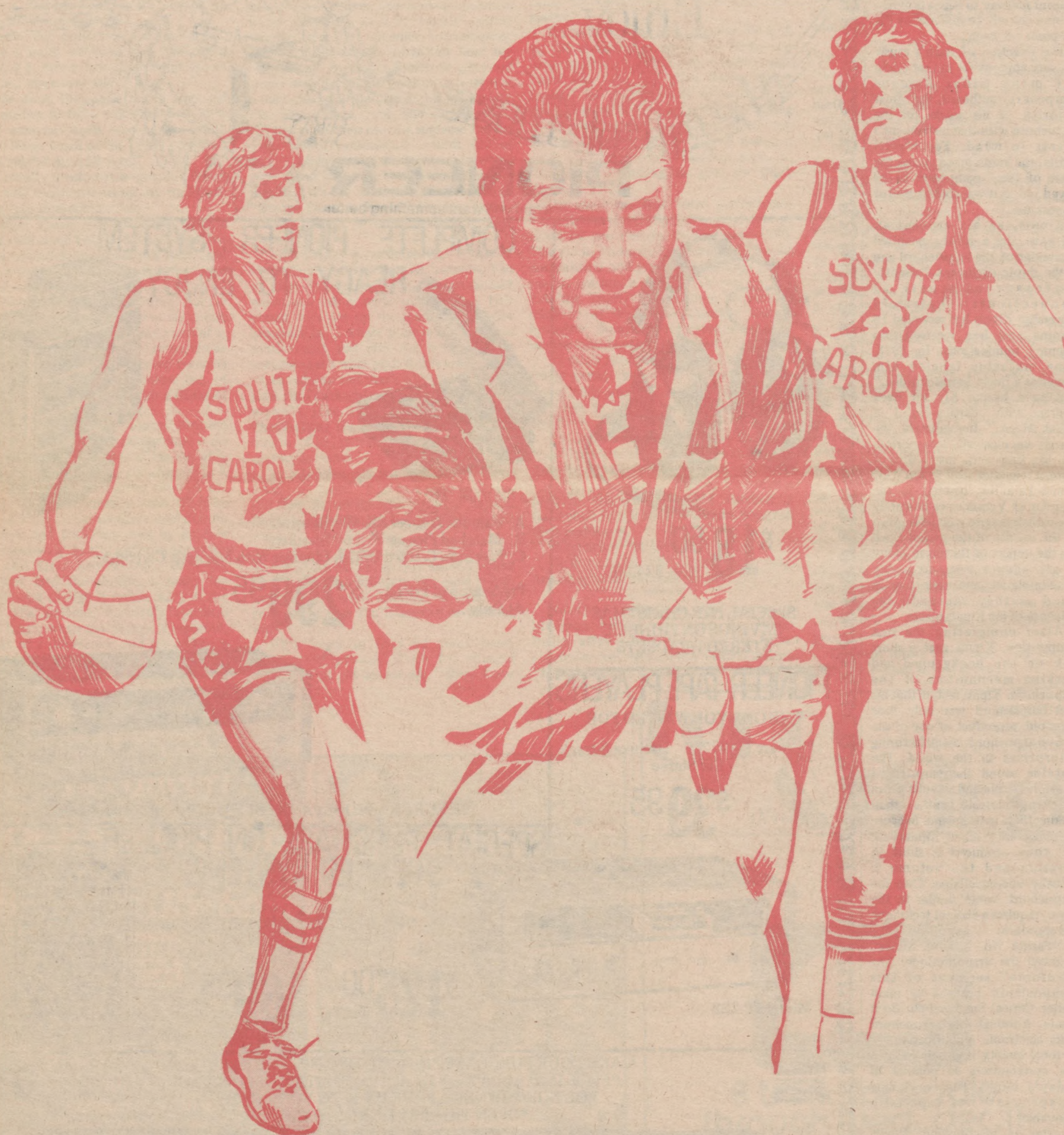


Illustration by Tom Johnson

trique/Part one

If you talk to Coach Frank McGuire and watch him conduct practice with the University of South Carolina basketball squad, then you know the rumors of his retiring soon are false.

Frank McGuire's health -- Frank McGuire will tell you -- is very good, and he has no thoughts of retiring on his mind.

McGuire does, however, have quite a few other thoughts on his mind as he enters his 35th year of organized basketball coaching, including 25 seasons in the collegiate ranks. And he talked about them at length during some recent interviews and practice sessions.

At practice, the observer senses much more than during games or through the media that McGuire himself is very much the man in command of his team. He stands on the sidelines during practice sessions, yelling out corrections of mistakes for the offense and the defense. Looking like a cross between George Romney and Pat O'Brien, McGuire is not reluctant to verbally chastize a player if feels the occasion warrants it. McGuire uses frank, honest language and if a curse or two is needed to get the point across, he uses it. It's all part of a philosophy McGuire lives by, and one he uses on his players. "The people who are tough on you help you," McGuire says. "The fellows who really bawled me out helped me, not the ones who patted me on the fanny. That's the way I coach. I get on a player when he has it coming."

Frank McGuire was brought up in tough circumstances, and, he believes, that's why his philosophies on life are so molded. Starting when he was a boy, McGuire has faced plenty of tragedies. McGuire was the 13th child of a New York policeman who died when McGuire was eight. He grew up on the streets of New York, finding out what competition was about in the process.

McGuire's mother drew a pension of \$25 per month, and had to take care of a family of 14 on that. Although all the other children in the McGuire household went to work, Frank, being the youngest, was awarded with school.

"My mother was very strong," McGuire says now. "After my father died she raised me. Made me go to school. Because my father had been a policeman, the other policemen watched every day to make sure I went to school. Had to walk to class the same way every day and check in. I was like everyone else, and wanted the easy way out. The fact is, my mother went to one of the fathers in the Catholic church to ask whether I should go to LaSalle Academy or St. Xavier's. He told her to forget about me going to school, that I would never make it -- for me to go to work on the waterfront."

McGuire didn't go to work on the waterfront, but went to St. Xavier's High School instead, where he captained three sports when he was a senior (football, basketball and baseball). Along the way Frank met a man who was to become one of his closest friends. Ted Carrol was his name, and he was the basketball coach at Greenwich Village. He taught young Frank to box at age eight, and later he coached Frank in basketball. He took McGuire to his first collegiate ball game, a contest between Ohio St. and Columbia. Ted Carrol was a black man in a white neighborhood, and when McGuire got in trouble, more often than not it was Carrol who got him straightened out.

From St. Xavier, McGuire headed to St. John's. His ambition was to get through college as fast as possible in order to help his family. He finished in three years and played on both the basketball and baseball teams, and captained his senior year. He was a star athlete at St. John's, but his family never said anything about it. The McGuire family was close, but they never made much over him for his athletic accomplishments.

"I had a good strong background," McGuire says, "there was no way to make an excuse, no shoulder to cry on. Weakness of a lot of kids today is caused by the fact that whenever anything goes wrong, they can go home and cry on their families' shoulders.

"One night when I was to play my first game at Madison Square Garden for St. John's, I tried to tell my brothers about it. They asked me what the big deal was. Said of course I should be playing. Asked me, what did I think they had been sending me to school for? They wanted to know

why I had been practicing so hard. None of my family came to watch me play. It was only a few blocks. Other players' parents came from miles away. There was no applause in my family. It was just expected of me. I had to make sure of one thing, though, that I was doing well in my studies."

After St. John's, McGuire returned to St. Xavier to teach history and coach basketball and baseball. For five years he also played pro basketball for the Brooklyn Visitations in the American Professional League. It wasn't as good as the National Basketball Association, but McGuire claims it was physically tougher. No fouls were called except by those handling the ball, and thus McGuire looked more like a pro boxer than a basketball player in some of those history classes on the morning after.

"I had many black eyes when I went to school to teach. I'd turn around and the whole class would start laughing. I could hit a student accurately for about three rows with an eraser, so I'd get one of them. Then they would get me talking about basketball and I'd forget to teach history. I never flunked a student so I'm not afraid to meet any of them. One time a kid wanted out of school, and he asked me to flunk him. I said, 'Are you kidding?' I'm not going to ruin my perfect record for nobody."

While he was coaching at St. Xavier's, McGuire compiled quite a record -- 126 wins, 39 losses in basketball. His baseball team was just about as good. During his stint at St. Xavier's, McGuire met another one of his closest friends and advisors. Tom Paprocki was his name, but Frank always called him "Pap." Pap was a nationally recognized cartoonist and McGuire taught his son. Pap became one of Frank's closest friends, and later was instrumental in McGuire's decision to go to the University of North Carolina. "Anytime I had to make a decision, I asked Pap. If I was wrong he let me know it," McGuire says.

Years later, Pap and McGuire's other pal, Ted Carrol, would both die on the same day of heart attacks, one of the saddest days of McGuire's life. Both funerals were to be on the same day. It was also the day of a game with Virginia Tech for USC. As McGuire packed to go to New York, he realized that both men would have wanted him to stay with his team. He did and the Gamecocks won a close game where his coaching decisions quite probably made the difference..

From 1942 through 1947 McGuire entered the Navy and ran one of the biggest athletic programs in the Navy at Chapel Hill, in the pre-flight program.

In 1947, McGuire took over for Joe Lapchick at St. John's as head basketball coach when Lapchick departed to coach the NBA New York Knicks. St. John's was one of the biggest, most powerful collegiate basketball programs in the country at the time and Lapchick was one of the most successful coaches. McGuire had large shoes to fill and he knew it. The field for the St. John's job was a crowded one, but McGuire won out. McGuire remembers talking to the president, Father Flinn, after being given the job.

"Father Flinn told me, 'Frank, we are happy to have you back, but you are stepping into a tough job. We expect excellence.' Father Flinn then turned and introduced me to Father Collins, the treasurer. He told me that Father Collins would be my right hand man, that anything I wanted he would do. This is the way Catholic universities are. If you lose, then you are gone, but they helped you win."

And win McGuire did. His record was 103 and 35. In 1952 he took his basketball team to the national finals where they lost to Kansas. The same year McGuire took his baseball team to the finals, but lost again. McGuire is the only coach to ever accomplish the feat of taking two different NCAA teams to the national finals in the same year. While at St. John's Frank McGuire coached two brothers who were named McGuire, but were no relation to Frank.

"Dick McGuire and his brother Al played for me," McGuire remembers. "Dick was a great college ballplayer (All-American). Al always had to put up with being in the shadows of Dick. People wanted to tell him he wasn't as good as his brother. But Al was an intense player, I liked him. He also played football and ran track. Al always played as hard as he could for me. When Al wins now at Marquette (where he is now head coach), I win. But I don't want him to

beat me. He should have more respect for his old coach."

McGuire spent five years at St. John's where he compiled his phenomenal record. He coached All-Americans and produced many successful coaches while he was there. Besides Dick and Al McGuire, he coached Lou Carnessecca, the current St. John's coach and former coach and general manager of the New York Nets. There was also Ron McGitvary, who won the 1952 Haggerty Award as the outstanding player in the East. Jack McMahon, an all-pro with the Cincinnati Royals of the NBA and later coach of the Royals and the San Diego Rockets, played for McGuire. There were others: Bob Zawoluk, a two-time All-American; Frank Mulzoff, later a St. John's coach; Dan Buckley, winner of five New York City High School Basketball Championships at LaSalle Academy; Jack Curran, coach at New York City's Archbishop Malloy High School, where McGuire gets many of his USC players. McGuire also coached a player named Solly Walker while he was at St. John's. Frank McGuire has always been known as a man who let race and religion have nothing to do with how he treated a person, realizing that race and religion have little to do with a man's performance on the court. Solly Walker was black and while he played for McGuire at St. John's there was a game scheduled against the University of Kentucky, which was totally segregated at the time.

"All year long, Adolph Rupp, the Kentucky coach, would call me trying to talk me out of bringing Solly Walker to Kentucky. 'Frank,' he would say, 'we all don't try and change the way you say mass in church so don't come down here trying to change our ways.'" McGuire took Solly anyway and got beat by 41 points.

After five years at St. John's, McGuire received an offer to come south and take over the lowly University of North Carolina Tar Heels. At that time, of course, Everett Case had a national power at North Carolina State and UNC wanted to be competitive. After much consideration, McGuire decided to go to UNC. The UNC folks got more than they bargained for as McGuire won 17 games the first year. The Heels developed a funny habit of being made up of mostly New York ballplayers. So much so that they became known as the Subway Tar Heels. The first few years McGuire had a hard time convincing the good Catholic boys of New York to come to North Carolina. In truth, he had a much harder time convincing their parents into letting them come south.

"Father Tierney, a long-time friend, and I would go and talk to the parents," McGuire recalls. "We would tell them how good the school at Chapel Hill was, but they would always ask us if there were any Catholics at the school. I'd say 'yes, sir' -- never told them there were just a couple...Father Tierney and myself. I had to make sure my players went to mass so the parents wouldn't get mad at me. The real rivalry in ACC basketball started when I got those players to Chapel Hill."

In 1957, Sports Illustrated included an article on the Subway Tar Heels and why Frank McGuire recruited so many New Yorkers. In the article, McGuire disclaimed any special treatment or solicitation of New York athletes. "I use five or six scholarships per year," the Tar Heel coach explained. "I make sure the kids receiving them are top notch players. If they come from New York, they come from New York," he said simply.

"New York is my personal territory," McGuire continued in the Sports Illustrated article. "Duke can have Philadelphia and North Carolina State can have the whole country but if anybody wants to move into New York, they need a passport from me."

Thirteen years later, after moving to the University of South Carolina, McGuire elaborated in another magazine article why he thought New York produced so many good basketball players.

"New York boys already have better moves when they get here than I could ever teach them. They learn more moves riding the subway than I'll ever know. And crossing the street -- New York cab drivers aren't satisfied unless they

(continued on page ten)



McGuire looks rather unenthused during the season opener against Bucknell

(continued from page nine)

hit at least one person a day," McGuire said. Which shows that while he may answer every question he is asked, he might not answer every one seriously.

One of the reasons McGuire has been so successful in recruiting is that he has a reputation in New York, and he also has a lot of friends keeping an eye out for basketball talent they can send his way. McGuire has a great memory for faces, and he makes friends easily, which also aids in the recruiting rat race.

Many of McGuire's former players at St. Xavier's and St. John's are now coaches or businessmen, and they remain loyal to their old coach, helping him to recruit. When he was coaching at North Carolina, for instance, McGuire got a call from a wealthy New York garment manufacturer named "Uncle Harry" Gotkin, who was interested in helping to recruit. Gotkin said he cared about the boys he was keeping an eye on, and he wanted them to go to the finest coach in the country (McGuire, of course). Harry's brother Jaws had attended St. John's with McGuire, and often McGuire would stand up for Jaws when classmates kidded the latter because he was Jewish. So "Uncle Harry" said he knew his boys would be treated fairly at UNC.

The 1957 season started out well for the Tar Heels and McGuire. Fielding a starting team of five New Yorkers -- center Joe Quigg, forwards Lennie Rosenbluth and Pete Brennan, and guards Tommy Kearns and Bobby Cunningham -- UNC won the Dixie Classic and the first 13 games of the season.

In the fourteenth game, McGuire's team was on the road, playing the University of Maryland at Cole Field House. The

auditorium was filled to capacity, and the Terrapins were playing well. With just over a minute left Maryland had the ball and a four-point lead. McGuire called time out and told his players, "I want you to be gentlemen when you lose this game. I don't want any crying."

The psychology worked. Kearns stole the ball and scored, UNC stole the ball again and scored, and the Tar Heels won in overtime. But McGuire became incensed when Rosenbluth, an All-American forward, came up to him and told him not to worry because UNC was going to win its remaining 18 games. It was just such overconfidence and complacency which the coach was trying to prevent.

But Rosenbluth's prediction proved true. The Tar Heels, despite some tense moments, managed to win their remaining regular season games plus two post-season games to finish with an astounding 32-0 record. In the semifinal game of the NCAA championship tournament, UNC won in a triple-overtime game against Michigan State, setting the stage for a clash the next night against Kansas, led by Wilt Chamberlain.

"All I heard the next day in the hotel," McGuire related, "was how Kansas would beat us by at least 18 or 20 points. We had no great players like Kansas, but all my boys were smart, hard-nosed kids. At the team meeting, I told them, maybe we shouldn't even show up for the game. I looked at center Joe Quigg and asked him if he was afraid of Wilt. He said, 'No, sir.'"

"But guard Tommy Kearns kind of flinched, so I asked him if he was afraid of Chamberlain and he said no. So I said, 'Fine, you jump against him,' " McGuire said. Again, the psychology worked, this time on Chamberlain. The giant

Kansas center, apparently embarrassed to jump against the 5-11 Kearns, was so distraught that he didn't score for the first five minutes of the game.

McGuire's strategy in the game was to play Chamberlain, not Kansas. And in over 50 minutes of basketball, Chamberlain was held to 23 points by the determined Tar Heels. Defenders fell back on Chamberlain continuously like a swarm of bees, slapping to keep the ball away from him. Finally, the Tar Heels won in three overtimes -- for the second night in a row. North Carolina was the national champion, with a perfect record. And Frank McGuire became the first coach to take two different teams to the national finals. McGuire was named national coach of the year, making him the first coach to achieve that honor at two different schools.

The next four years were good ones for UNC and McGuire, but not great ones. Something heartbreaking always happened to mar the success, such as the Tar Heels losing the ACC championship or being on probation and unable to compete in the NCAA tournament. Only in 1959 did North Carolina get to go to the NCAA finals, but the game was marred by controversy because N.C. State, UNC's opponent, was on probation. Both teams had 12-2 conference records, but the Tar Heels had beaten the Wolfpack twice during the regular season. N.C. State drew the No. 1 position, which angered McGuire. The UNC coach decided to bench his regulars in the finals against N.C. State (since it was an essentially meaningless game because of State's probationary status) and save the Tar Heel starters for the playoff game the following day. McGuire let N.C. State win.

In 1962, McGuire decided to try his hand outside of the Atlantic Coast Conference. During his nine-year tenure at UNC, McGuire saw his teams highly regarded and successful. But the grueling ACC Tournament, plus a long-standing feud with two athletic directors in the conference, prompted McGuire to temporarily leave college coaching.

McGuire reportedly was upset over financial matters at North Carolina. He was said to be angered by lack of financial support for the basketball team and by inadequate facilities, because he felt that the basketball team was "carrying" the entire UNC athletic program. He also believed that not enough of the money generated by basketball was being funneled back into basketball.

Another reason for McGuire's leaving UNC was the wearisome ACC Tournament. McGuire argued that competition in the ACC was so fierce that, although the ACC champion was probably the best team in the nation, the tough ACC Tournament tired out the champions so that they couldn't play at full tilt in the NCAA Tournament.

"The emotion of the ACC Tournament would drain us," McGuire explained. "It takes so much out of you to win that damn thing."

"The emotion of the ACC Tournament would drain us," McGuire related. "It takes so much out of you to win that damn thing. I've always told the people of the ACC that if they would stop that tournament and let the regular season winner go to the NCAA (tournament), then the ACC would probably win a lot of national championships."

So in 1962, Frank McGuire decided to go to the pros.

Next week, McGuire discusses his year of pro coaching, his relationship with Wilt Chamberlain, and his years at the University of South Carolina.



**THE UNIQUE GIFT
THIS CHRISTMAS**

**ORIGINAL PRINTS
BY
LARRY FRANCIS LEBBY**

AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY AT

FRAMELAND

619 HARDEN ST.

256-3212



Winter, above, and Haycock, right

PHOTO BY BOB THOMPSON



Johnny Winter makes a comeback

JOHNNY WINTER
(and Climax Blues Band)
in concert (December 3, 1974)
at Carolina Coliseum

A relatively small crowd of some four thousand rock and blues fans braved wintry winds last Tuesday to attend the latest installment of Carolina Coliseum's rock and roll circus. They were treated to two hours and a half of fine rock guitar playing, with a smattering of blues, for their efforts.

The main attraction was rock guitarist Johnny Winters (formerly blues-rock guitarist Johnny Winter and, before that, blues guitarist Johnny Winter). The promoters, as if in tribute to Winter's blues origins, brought in the Climax Blues Band, a British blues-oriented band (naturally), to

warm up the crowd. Both Winter and Climax Blues Band share common blues roots and are primarily instrumentally oriented, but they demonstrated divergent musical attitudes on stage.

The four-man Climax Blues Band is still largely unknown to the United States despite a small hard-core following. Their best-selling album to date has been *FM/Live*, a recording of their 1973 concert at New York's Academy of Music which was broadcast over WNEW-FM radio. This album followed two very good but commercially unsuccessful albums, *Climax Blues Band* and *Tightly Knit*.

A common thread running through most English rock and blues bands is their acknowledged debt to American blues artists such as Willie Dixon, Muddy Waters, and Arthur Crudup. But few British bands show this influence as

conspicuously as does Climax Blues Band, which combines this style of blues with a hard rock posture that effectively brings together the best of both musical realms.

Climax Blues Band began its portion of Tuesday night's concert with "I Am Constant," a number from the *FM/Live* album which showcases the vocal and guitar talents of Pete Haycock. The song was performed at a moderate tempo, and demonstrated the group's sense of harmony. "Sense of Direction," the title cut from the latest album, saw Haycock again the the limelight, as he took a melodic beginning and erupted into a break-away explosion of piercing guitar that transformed the ballad into a rocker. Colin Cooper's saxophone interplayed with Haycock's guitar throughout. (Cooper in the past has played more guitar than saxophone, but it

looks as if he may - or at least should - play more saxophone from now on.)

Willie Dixon's "Seventh Son" was a far cry from the old mid-60's Johnny Rivers version. Again Cooper's saxophone dominated and his deep bass voice added the perfect accompaniment. On the next song the focus switched back to Haycock, who performed some nice slide guitar work. After a number playing upon the current rock affection for jazz, (which we would ultimately recognize as Bill Withers' "Ain't No Sunshine") Climax Blues Band ended with a lengthy piece featuring drummer John Cuffely and bassist Derek Holt. Holt showed some imagination, Cuffely none.

Climax Blues Band provided a good hour's entertainment for those who enjoy blues-based rock. But the crowd had not paid to hear them; it had paid to hear Johnny Winter. The question on many person's minds, no doubt, was whether Winter had changed or not as a result of his long, drug-induced semi-retirement. The answer quickly made, was no. Winter had only interrupted temporarily his progression away from blues and into hard rock.

The last time I saw Johnny Winter was three or four years ago, and at that time I left after about three selections. This time I remained to the end of the hour-and-a-quarter set, and would gladly have stayed for many encores. A lot has been said about Winter's layoff and the accompanying physical and emotional problems he suffered through, so I need not rehash them. But suffice it to say that despite uneven efforts on his latest recordings, Winter appears from Tuesday's concert to be ready and willing to reclaims the ladder to musical success.

From a blues heritage (*The Progressive Blues Experiment*, on Imperial Records), Winter evolved on *Second Winter* into a blues-rock performer, showing an increasing predilection for faster-paced, lighter-toned rock. With *Johnny Winter And*, the transformation to rock was virtually complete.

In concert Tuesday, Winter played nine songs, only one of which would be considered blues according to Winter's definition. For those of you who have difficulty discerning the fine line between rock and blues, Winter

makes it easy - when he plays a blues selection, he prefaces it with "Now I'm going to play some blues for you," or something similar.

The effortless guitar style of Winter is amazing. His fingers glide over the strings with a quickness and dexterity that would embarrass Alvin Lee. The band has the basic rock structure that Winter has always followed - guitar, bass, and drums only. About the only variation that he has made has been to add another guitarist to complement his long-time standbys, bass player Randy Jo Hobbs and drummer Richard Hughes. The quartet generates unbridled energy along with quality sound.

Winter began his performance with several rapid-tempo songs (including "Bad Luck Situation" and the classic "Boney Maroney") before interposing a blues number in his inimitable style. You've all heard, of course, that over-used line that before you can play the blues, you've gotta pay your dues. Winter, unlike many musicians making their livings from blues music, has paid his dues, experiencing that requisite pain to an extraordinary degree. And so he has learned well how to use his guitar to express those feelings, much like other musicians do orally. Winter's expression of those emotions on guitar is equally effective.

The highlight of the evening was Winter's rendition of the Jagger-Richard composition, "Silvertrain," a number which is supposedly a Rolling Stone testimonial to a spindly, white-haired guitarist from Texas named Johnny Winter. During this selection, Hobbs and the second guitarist left the stage, and the spotlight was on Winter's guitar talent. Sitting on the edge of the frumstand, with the repetitive backdrop of Hughes' drumming, Winter proceeded to give a memorable guitar clinic for the appreciative crowd.

The Stones' "Jumping Jack Flash" concluded the set - and, yes, Winter shouted "Rock and roll!" before launching into the song, to the delight of those in the audience who had been yelling the phrase all evening. Encores of the 20-year-old "Johnny B. Goode" and the even older "Rock Me Baby" closed out a memorable comeback for Johnny Winter.

Tim Driggers

Give a beautiful pot for Christmas with a gift certificate, to let him or her choose from our large selection of plants. It's a wonderful way to make Christmas last all year through.



Pot a Plant for Christmas

2612 Devine St. **The Green House** 256-4474

Shop Now For Christmas

The Latin Way

Columbia's finest Turquoise Store

BEAUTIFUL, FASHIONABLE, WARM!
Alpaca sweaters and Ponchos from Peru.



20% discount on any purchase when this ad is presented thru Christmas, 1974.

Your **BANKAMERICARD** welcome here 1332 Main Street Arcade Mall 779-7995



Open 9-8
Monday-Saturday

WE HONOR
master charge

Cinema

Another big, ugly joke on the South

THE KLANSMAN at the Palmetto Theatre

The boys are getting restless. They haven't had a good lynching in weeks, and what with all the time they're spending at Klan meetings, they've been "missin' too many good TV shows." And elsewhere in Atoka County things are just as bad. The uppity blacks have been depressing the labor market by moving up North or joining the Army, where they go over to Germany and become ski instructors. They're even planning a voter registration rally in the county with a lot of "outside agitators," unless the Klan can persuade them otherwise.

Such is the situation at the beginning of *The Klansman*, and it suggests the nature of this oddball, crazy quilt of a movie -- a film patched together from bits of Southern history, gollops of numbing and insincere social commentary, spurts of outrageous verbal burlesque, parts

of other movies (i.e. *In the Heat of the Night*), and the muddled remains of one of our finest actors. The movie has intermittent off-color pleasures, but ultimately it's just another big, stupid mess that ends with the nihilistic blow-up that moviegoers have come to expect. Denied the happy ending by modern cynicism, the makers of some recent melodramas seem only able to end their films by wasting everything.

Not that we weren't warned. The impending rally and itchiness of the Kluxers tell us that the situation in *The Klansman* is set to explode, and early on we get the regulation line about "sitting on a keg of dynamite." What does happen is that a local white woman (Linda Evans) is raped, and the roving Klan members, who are denied a lynching by the sheriff (Lee Marvin), take their revenge on the first black that comes to hand by castrating and then killing him. Unknown to them, the victim's brother Garth

(O.J. Simpson) witnessed all, and he sets out to systematically "execute" the murderers. The rest of the plot is too complicated to explain, except to say that the Klan's resentment eventually focuses on Breck Stancill (Richard Burton), the local black sympathizer who lives on his own mountain and is the last vestige of the old aristocracy; and when they go up to burn him out, a full scale battle erupts that leaves most of the Klan, Breck, and the sheriff who defends him, all dead.

If much of this has a kind of crude energy, it is probably due to the director, Terence Young. Young directed several of the Bond films including *From Russia With Love* and *Thunderball*, and *The Klansman* has the same slapdash, black humour approach to its violence. When Garth perforates one of the Klan murderers at the march, the only complaint that he gets from a fellow black is "what do you mean by messin' up a good demonstration." Young's Britisher's eye view also brings a broad, farcical touch to such traditional rural iconography as flags and high school bands, and at first this cartoon approach to Southern culture may seem rather liberating.

But even funnier and stranger is the presence of Richard Burton. Burton's Breck, haunted by generations of plantation guilt and a judge grandfather who was lynched for supporting blacks, hobbles about with a symbolic limp (a war wound) and a suppressed virility that makes him irresistible to the local females. If the character is somewhat unbelievable, Burton the personality at least makes him entertaining. But what can one say about Burton the actor, whose falling star has been a prominent feature of the acting scene over the past decade. Like the Antony in the Shakespeare play, the marriage with Taylor seems to have propelled him into his "dotage," and while he is still capable of a competent performance -- as in the recent TV Churchill -- gone is the brilliance that so aroused expectations back in the late fifties.

Burton now seems willing to play anything, and for *The Klansman* he had developed a low-voiced, Brando-style inarticulation so that one has to strain to understand what he is saying. He has also developed a Brando-style self-parody, and when deputy sheriff Cameron Mitchell (also a Klan member) starts hassling Miss Evans in the bus station, Mumbles finally lets him have it with a karate chop that sends him flying through a ridiculous break away door into the street, and then finishes Mitchell off with a quick jab to the wind pipe. Frankly, the sight of Richard Burton delivering this sort of rough stuff may be the most surprising thing onscreen all year.

The Klansman is really nothing more than another bad movie, but I must admit my resentment at these outsiders who seem to see the history of the Southern race situation as a big, ugly joke. Surely it's hard to take the Klan entirely

(Continued on page 13)

STATEWIDE CINEMA

A QUICK PEEK AT MOVIES PLAYING AROUND SOUTH CAROLINA...

Harry and Tonto. Pop-culture picaresque, this movie follows an aging Lear (Art Carney) and his cat across country, and while he can't get along with his messed-up middle-aged offspring, he discovers America, old and young. Director Paul Mazursky finds his stride in this beautiful film and we can only expect good things from him in the future. Art Carney gives what may be the performance of his career. Don't miss it.

American Graffiti is back and you should certainly go if you haven't already. The teen-angels in George Lucas' fifties (actually 1962) may seem more like spectres out of Archie comics than rebels without a cause, but the movie is shrewdly detailed and lots of fun and has no illusions about this dead end, burger and wheels life style. It all proves that even nostalgia can make a good movie when people of talent are at work.

The Longest Yard is a roughhouse take-off on football madness that borrows freely from Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, but the changes are all to the good. Knute Rockne never saw a game like this, which pits convicts against their guards and is the funniest onscreen since *M*A*S*H*. In this case, the "Gipper" is the prisoners' pride and self-respect. A fine and funny film.

Lieutenant Robin Crusoe, U.S.N. Will curvy Nancy Kwan keep her sarong on with Dick Van Dyke the only man on a desert island? It's Disney, folks. Sort of dull, but not bad for the kids.

The Klansman. Even though it's based on a book by Alabaman William Bradford Huie, the outsiders who have made this movie seem to view the history of Southern race relations as a big, ugly joke. And why not? It's not their problem. Richard Burton puts another nail in that coffin that is his career.

Dracula. The Warhol-Morrissey guignol may be less than grand, but it is occasionally funny. The bloodsucker in this version is wasting away for want of virgin blood, which seems almost impossible to come by. The crudities of the film, however, leave a bad aftertaste.

The Trial of Billy Jack is a film that tries to save the world without offending anyone, and even though it's full of reformer's zeal, its depiction of social corruption is so simplified or exaggerated that even Nixon probably wouldn't be very uncomfortable. There's something screwy (or very smart) about a film that has high school drum majorettes dancing in a pageant called "1984 is Closer Than You Think." This movie made \$11 million during its first week of release.

Gift Certificates for Christmas or Hanukkah



GIVE YOUR
GIRLFRIEND
(or yourself)
SCUBA DIVING LESSONS

Special gift package includes instruction, pool, and equipment for \$50.00. Our standard rate is \$60.00. Classes starting:

Jan. 13 - YMCA
Mon/Wed 7-10 p.m. 5 wks.
Jan. 24 - Trenholm
Tues/Thurs 7-10 p.m. 5 wks.
Jan. 28 Trenholm
Fri 1-4 p.m. 10 wks



Palmetto Divers

5541 Shakespeare Rd. Columbia 754-6253
Highway 501 Myrtle Beach 448-2832

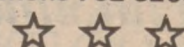
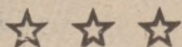
Burnside's

All Varieties of Hogies
\$1.25

Old Milwaukee	\$5.50
Blue Ribbon	\$5.95
Budweiser	\$6.35
Schlitz	\$6.35
Michelob	\$7.35

Beltline & Devine Street

Telephone 782-8260



Tuesday Thru Thursday 9 a.m. until 10 p.m.
Closed Sunday & Monday

OPEN

Friday & Saturday

9.30 a.m. until Midnight

Support

Osceola's

advertisers

Theatre

Ensemble fails to score

SCORE Productions
at Washington Auditorium, USC

The South Carolina Open Road Ensemble, having in its fledgling weeks circled the state in "out-of-town-tryouts," settled in Columbia over Thanksgiving weekend for a near cornucopian offering of three separate productions. Friday night saw a production of Tennessee Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire*; Saturday afternoon, for children, *Story Theatre*; and Saturday evening *Changes*, a program of three short works, *The Laughingstock* from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, *Dramagic*, an improvisation created from verses written by South Carolina elementary and secondary school children, and the absurdist drama *The Chairs* by Eugene Ionesco. Of the three productions, I failed to see *Story Theatre*, which a friend who saw all three proclaimed the best, but am satisfied that I saw enough childishness in the Saturday night show *Changes* to make up for my afternoon absence.

Changes, to begin with the second show first, is subtitled "Three Plays About

Transforming Things," transforming apparently meaning homogenizing Shakespeare's poetry, the children's poetry, and Ionesco's tragic farce into a kind of hyperkinetic Sesame Street, the didactic point of which was sorely missed. All three pieces on the Saturday night bill were performed by the company in white quasi-karate jump-suits on a cute, very cute, infinitely malleable building block set. The SCORE troupe possessed in bulk that normally mystic entity, energy, but hardly stopped, it seemed to me, for a moment of "truth" all evening. Oral interpretation substituted for acting is merely rhetorical, but energy in lieu of imagination is positively spastic.

Probably the most seemingly elementary but sometimes sophisticated manner of acting is story-telling and *The Laughingstock* and *Dramagic* and *The Chairs* were ostensibly performed in this way. Story telling allows for the kind of minor alienation effect which permits a personable actor to stand outside his part and deliberately show himself at work showing

us a character -- all too often with a gratuitous style called Child-like Exuberance. Child-like Exuberance usually calls for energy, lots of it, abundant movement, exaggeration -- which in this production were exploited so as to turn the fine art of story-telling into the coarse art of acting acting. The Shakespeare, rambunctious and unintelligible, probably suffered the most from this treatment but showed it the least, while the children's poems suffered the least and were the best when a good reading by a good story-teller, Karen Grant, provided all of the evenings few attractive moments. It was Ionesco's *The Chairs* which wouldn't quite fit into Sesame Street, childish exuberance, of Terry Bennet's cute little building blocks.

Ionesco's play needs a sparse but somewhat realistic set against which to play the random futility of the dialogue and the two principle characters' inner lives. The sight of a cleverly constructed Star Trek nursery canceled out any chance of a situation of concrete absurdity, a chance that was small enough to begin with since Michael Oakes and Sandra Bowie played the

necessarily ancient man and wife with not a hint of old age. Eugene's little piece of revolutionary stagecraft was utilized in the service of a late night religious drama.

A *Streetcar Named Desire* on Friday night was no better but less boring, possibly because Williams' episodic play, when carelessly directed as a series of self-contained episodes in a box set too small for the play's psychic space, have TV soap opera's evil power to mesmerize. I felt the fatal warmth-before-death-in-the-Arctic along about in scene two and waited in a state of suspended bliss for Blanche Dubois' famous line ("I've always depended on the kindness of strangers"), kept awake only by the driving need to find the proper aphorism to describe George Milns' characterization of Stanley Kawolski. Milns is too All-American looking for the near impossible role of Stanley and he wore the part like an ill-fitting collar and a bubble gum tattoo. No Stanley, no play.

There is no way to sum up the productions except to say that the work of the SCORE company is certainly not yet very professional.

Dan Lackey

Cinema...

(Continued from page 12)

seriously, but the makers of this film have failed to realize, or at least define, the area where absurdity melds into horror. The movie is adapted from a book by Alabama native William Bradford Huie (which, incidentally, has nothing to do with the Thomas Dixon novel that was the basis for *Birth of a Nation*), but the scriptwriters, Millard Kaufman and Samuel Fuller, are both Hollywood hacks with a long history of Westerns and action films, and they seem more interested in the sensational possibilities of the story than in giving it any moral or emotional meaning. After the funny business and casual murders earlier in the film, the final shootout just comes as a splashy effect, and the thematic gumdrop of ending the movie with the burning of the tree on which Judge Stancill was hanged seems like the filmmakers coyly apologizing for their misbehavior.

By the way, one of the few to survive at the end is Garth, and since the sheriff lets him go through with his last murder, there is an implied sanction of black revolution or at least revenge.

Venson Steadman

Billy Jack postscript

Variety reported last week that *The Trial of Billy Jack* made an astonishing \$11 million during its first week of release, thus completely recovering the production and advertising costs and putting the film in the "profit category" within seven days. They further reported on the promotional campaign for the film, which makes the tactics used on the original *Billy Jack* look like peanuts; a simultaneous opening in 1000 theatres (print costs alone were \$1.3 million), a \$3 million advertising budget for the first week including 12 thirty-second spot TV ads for various markets, and 180 "four wall" bookings in big cities to hike profits. The whole campaign was run with military efficiency by John Rubel, one-time under secretary of defense to McNamara.

None of this changes what I wrote about the film last week, for I still think it entirely sincere in its desire for change and to "give peace a chance;" but it illustrates the peculiar split thinking of Laughlin, who can speak out against the big money men while beating them at their own game. Perhaps the only real measure of the Laughlins' sincerity is whether they will now leave well enough alone, or whether more Billy Jacks, like *Planets of the Apes*, will start proliferating as obnoxiously as flies.

Incidentally, I am told that I inadvertently gave birth last week to a new Laughlin child named Christina, which may come as a surprise to their sixteen-year-old daughter Teresa. My regrets for so stupidly misnaming Miss Laughlin.

V. Steadman



AquaVenture
Dive Center, Inc.

CLASSES*RENTALS*EQUIPMENT*AIR

Our best advertising has always been word of mouth. Ask our former students and then call us.

The closer you compare, the better we look.

787-8566
4357 Jackson Blvd.
Columbia

242-9064
2247 Augusta Rd.
Greenville

WORLD OF TURQUOISE AND IMPORTS
invites you to shop for
Christmas gifts from around the world

prices
reduced
for
Christmas
shopping

PHILIPPINES

tables
salad bowls
wooden items

W. GERMANY

leaded
crystal

MEXICO

lamps
glassware
chess sets
Aztec calendars
velvet paintings
metal sculptures
leather handbags

new shipment of turquoise



Bush River Road at Boardwalk Plaza
798-2581

Mon/Thurs & Sat 10-6
Friday 10-9



Books/Records

13 years...and then something happened

SOMETHING HAPPENED

by Joseph Heller

Alfred A. Knopf, New York

The Joseph Heller of *Catch 22* has come back to haunt us. Thirteen years ago, his gripping anti-war novel predicted and preluded the militant sentiment of the 1960's. For 13 years the literary world has wondered about the man whose first and only book, unheralded until years after its publishing, brought him from the obscure underpinnings of his profession into the class of "major author" and secured for him a devoted following for his literary lifetime.

The wait was worth it. *Something Happened*, like a spider, reaches out for you while you are not looking and grabs you with an astonishing empathy to the plight of the characters. The *Something that Happened* was the failure of the system, not the government, not the society, but the whole middle-class suburban-oriented culture. The hero, one Bob Slocum, is frighteningly reminiscent of something or someone we see every day. If fact, the more we read, the more we realize that Bob Slocum is the guy that stares back every time

we look in the mirror - and that's what's going to scare the hell out of you.

Bob thinks he is in control of a world that very much controls him. He thinks he is on top of the world when in reality he is sinking every day. Thus, Heller implies, Bob is a failure in a way that our culture has yet to recognize or measure. He cannot cope with the pressure of his office. His wife cannot cope with the success of her husband and her mediocre life; she has taken to drinking heavily and flirts with other men at parties to gain attention.

Bob's kids cannot cope with the whole situation. While one child is retarded, compounding the problem, the other two have serious emotional problems. Bob enjoys the middle-level executive life, but deep down inside he is breaking apart. In all, he has a superficially typical middle class family on the brink of collapse. For the Slocums, the middle-class family structure has failed.

The question that lingers after reading *Something Happened* is both depressing and frightening. Are the Slocums typical or just an isolated case? How many of us could honestly say that the middle class system is

emotionally and spiritually fulfilling? How many more Bob Slocums are out there? How many of us are like Bob Slocum?

The wealth of Heller's style centers around his ability to make the reader identify with the hero. In *Catch 22* Yossarian was all of us, and the war he escaped was just like the many personal wars we all have to run from each day to keep us from going nuts. His short, easy to read scenario - chapters that don't tie together until the middle of the book (when Heller's point finally gets driven home) has been critically acclaimed and denounced by critics and reviewers the world over. The fact that he leaves much of the thinking up to the reader frightens many critics. The point is, making us think is Heller's whole idea. We have to tie that loosely written book together in our minds. We have to discover what Bob Slocum's problem is. And we have to create for ourselves the image that each of us may very well be another Bob Slocum. The only way we could believe something so frightening is if we thought it up ourselves.

Last time I looked, *Something Happened* was number two on the best seller list. I'm afraid that this is on the weight of expectations of another *Catch 22*. While the Heller style is distinctly there, don't think a writer of Heller's talent would work 13 years to create nothing but a copy of his only claim to fame. The tone and theme of *Something Happened* are radically different from *Catch 22*. There is a depressing, almost suicidal hopelessness about Bob Slocum's life. At the end, there is no Rome for Slocum to escape to as there was for Yossarian.

On its own merits, *Something Happened* should become a permanent fixture in twentieth century literature. People will be talking about Heller for another 13 years. The frightening part is, if *Catch 22* was a premonition of the spirit of the mid-sixties, is *Something Happened* a premonition of the late seventies?

Do Your Thing But Don't Touch Mine
by Goose Creek Symphony
Columbia Records

Well, the raunch - and - rollers have done it again, and I almost hate to listen to it.

Anyway, here goes nothing on an empty stomach.

Actually, this isn't such a bad album, when you get right down to it. These darlings of the tennie-bopper set have gotten away from their usual gutsy bluegrass (which makes it sound kinda respectable) and have taken a sideswipe at something a little more like a good imitation of the Band. You almost expect to hear Bobby Dylan came on a couple of numbers.

If I sound prejudiced, maybe it's because I am. I think a critic or a reviewer needs to be, sometimes. Goose Creek has sold a lot of albums and put on a lot of concerts in this area. I realize that I'm probably stepping on the toes of some Goose Creek fans by writing this. But, artistically, this band ranks with the 1910 Fruit Gum Company and Little Jimmy Osmond in producing music of at best nebulous quality.

Taking the album on its own merits, it is a new dimension in Goose Creek's anthology. The shift to those directions already trod by such artists as Smith, The Band, and Roger McGuinn is profound and worth listening to. In fact, it's worth buying the album for. There is a good horn section backing up Chris Mostert's sax and Charlie Gearheart has finally learned to sing (and he's become pretty good at it). A female vocal chorus rounds out the new additions.

Particularly worth listening to is the "Saturday Night at the Grange" medley. It's respectable boogie and Ellis Schwied's normally raspy fiddle stands out somewhat smoother. If Goose Creek wants to keep up this new sound, and this was not just a fluke album, then I'll start buying their albums. I think a lot of other people might start buying them, too.

John Kilpatrick

Coming Next

Thanks a lot to my buddy Linda and her friends at Walden Book Store in Dutch Square for providing me with this week's book. And another muchos gracias to their neighbors at Dutch Square, Record Bar, for the albums I review.



Hairstyles for People
HAIRPLACE

Paul Tisdale
and
Johnny Gibbons

#11 ARCADE MALL • COLUMBIA, S.C. 29201
765-1832 or 765-1839

a fabulous flash of the '50's



HIGH SCHOOL FANTASIES

Starring LARRY BARNHOUSE
RENE BOND TONY MAZZIOTTI
Directed by MORRIS DEAL
Produced by DAMON CHRISTIAN In COLOR

ADULTS ONLY

2nd Feature **TOUCH ME**  Late Show **FRINGE BENEFITS**

Box opens at 12:30 p.m. Fri/Sat 11:30 p.m.
Last complete Show at 9 p.m. Admission \$2.00
SHOWS CONT. FROM 1PM DAILY

CINE-ARTS
THEATRE
1017 WASHINGTON ST. - 779-3039
COLUMBIA, S.C.

"The Man Who Does Not Read
Is No Better Off Than
The Man Who Cannot"

**Capitol
Newsstand**

1204 Main Street

and

**Hampton
Street
Newsstand**

1220 Hampton Street

Groucho's of Columbia



*Deli Sandwiches
*Breyer's Ice Cream
*Party Stuff

phone 252-1963

611 Harden Street - Five Points

Ecstasy of Love
Blows of Death

Also

DR. I'M COMING

Shows continuous from 3:15
Last complete showing 8:45

Atlantic I & II
786-0790
3220 TWO-NOTCH ROAD

Events/entertainment

continued from page 16

there will be no evening performance. "Little Women" is not included in the regular season membership and all tickets are \$2. For reservations call the box office, 252-5756 after noon. Group rates are also available.

Charleston's Footlight Workshop continues its production of "Night Must Fall" December 5 through 7 and December 11 through 14. For tickets and further information call 722-0096.

art

The 107th Annual American Watercolor Society exhibit will visit the Columbia Museum of Art December 6 through 28. The painting styles, shown in the Trustees and Corridor Galleries, range from fluid realism to abstraction. Among the 50 painting exhibit is Mario Cooper's "Cormorant Domain," winner of the 1974 American Watercolor Society Gold Medal Award.

A retrospective survey of landscape paintings by American artist, **Edward Gay**, will be exhibited in the East and West Galleries of the Columbia Museum of Art December 7 through January 5. Gay's favorite subject matter was things of nature and the influence of the English artist, Constable, is apparent in his attempt to pull the viewer into the landscape. Although French Impressionism gained its prominence during the height of Gay's career, he continued to paint realistically.

Genell Boozer will give a demonstration of quick sketches and pastel portraits at the Gallery IV on December 14. Boozer is the first in a series of art demonstrations to be presented by Gallery IV, located at 1247 Newberry Avenue, Irmo (under the water tower).

music

The Carolina Chorale, a new professional choral group, will present a showcase concert Saturday, December 7, at 8 p.m. in Columbia College's Cottingham Theatre. The Chorale repertoire includes such varied pieces as "O Vos Omnes" by Pablo Cassals, "Magnificat" by Antonio Vivaldi, selections from "Mass" by Leonard Bernstein, "The Entertainer" by Scott Joplin, and "Carousel" by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Tickets for the concert are \$2 and will be on sale at the door. For additional information on the Carolina Chorale write Jeannine Davis at the South Carolina Arts Commission, 829 Richland Street, Columbia, 29201, or call, 758-3442.

The University of South Carolina will present its second annual **Christmas Music Festival** in the Carolina Coliseum Sunday December 8, at 4 p.m. The program will feature carol sing-alongs, Christmas stories and special music performances combining the talents of the USC band, orchestra and concert choir.

Hal Melvin and the Blue Notes will appear at the Charleston Auditorium December 8 for two shows, at 7 p.m. and 10 p.m. For further information call the auditorium, 577-7400.

Steppenwolf will be at the Charleston Auditorium December 9 for a 7 p.m. concert. For further information call the auditorium, 577-7400.

The Columbia College Choir's Christmas Concert is scheduled for 8 p.m. December 10 at the College's Cottingham Theatre.

Basketball Game at 7:30 p.m. December 10 at Dreher High School Gymnasium. The two teams will be comprised of local radio and TV personalities including Dave McDougall (WCOS radio), Will Spann (WNOK-TV), Joe Pinner (WIS-TV), Bobby Q (WOIC radio), Leo and Woody Windham (WCOS-FM radio), and Dave Aiken (WOLO-TV). Tickets are \$1 for adults and 50 cents for students and may be purchased from local high school cheerleaders, at one of the three Neighborhood Treatment Centers (The Bosom, 709 Santee Avenue; Mosob, 1900

cartoon version of the Charles Dickens classic. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m. - Movie, "The Point," a 1971 musical fable poking fun at conformity, was the first animated feature made for TV. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - Movie, "My Fair Lady," Part I. Lerner and Loewe's musical starring Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn. (Channel 10)

Sunday, December 8

1 p.m. - NFL Football. The Detroit Lions meet the Bengals at Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium. (Channel 19)

2 p.m. - NFL Football. The Miami Dolphins take on the Colts at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. (Channel 10)

4 p.m. - Women's Pro Tennis. Billie Jean King and Rosie Casals play Francoise Durr and Betty Stove in the doubles finals of the \$100,000 Virginia Slims Championships, filmed in Los Angeles. (Channel 25)

4:30 p.m. - Joined in progress, the Oakland Raiders and the Kansas City Chiefs game in Arrowhead Stadium in Kansas City. (Channel 10)

4:30 p.m. - NBA Basketball. The Kansas City-Omaha Kings versus the Pistons at Detroit's Cobo Arena. (Channel 19)

7:30 p.m. - "Frosty the Snowman." Jimmy Durante narrates the cartoon adventures of the snowman who came to life. (Channel 19)

8 p.m. - "Twas the Night Before Christmas." A tuneful cartoon loosely adapted from Clement Moore's Christmas ballad. (Channel 19)

9 p.m. - Movie, "Funny Girl," stars Barbra Streisand and Omar Sharif. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m. - Weekend. Politics in Portugal and bluegrass music in Japan are scheduled topics of this newsmagazine show. (Channel 10)

Monday, December 9

8:30 p.m. - A photo essay on poverty programs in the Low Country rural areas. (Channel 35, ETV)

9 p.m. - NFL Football. The Washington Redskins meet the Rams at the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. (Channel 25)

Tuesday, December 10

8 p.m. - "Year Without A Santa Claus." Shirley Booth, Mickey Rooney and Dick Shawn lend their voices to this animated fantasy. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m. - "After the Fall." Arthur Miller's controversial 1964 play stars Christopher Plummer and Faye Dunaway. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - "Out to Lunch." A fast-paced revue, starring Elliott Gould, Barbara Eden and the "Sesame Street" muppets. (Channel 25)

Wednesday, December 11

8 p.m. - College Basketball. St. Joseph's and South Carolina play here in Columbia. (Channel 10)

8:30 p.m. - Movie, "The Tribe," a 1974 TV-movie, follows the simple and often brutal lives of a small tribe of prehistoric hunters. (Channel 25)

9 p.m. - America. After the Civil War, Americans again turned to the task of taming the West. (Channel 35, ETV)

Thursday, December 12

9 p.m. - Little Women. "A Real Christmas" sets the scene - New England in the early 1860's - and introduces the March sisters. (Channel 35, ETV)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. Dick Cavett talks with novelist Gore Vidal about "Myron," Vidal's sequel to "Myra Breckinridge." Other guests include Jean Marsh, co-creator and cast member of the Emmy-winning series "Upstairs, Downstairs," and Rabbi Baruch Korff, a defender of former President Nixon. (Channel 25)

Friday, December 13

8 p.m. - Dr. Seuss. "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" is Dr. Seuss's holiday story about the Whos, whimsical creatures who like nothing better than Christmas. (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m. - Hall of Fame. "The Borrowers," a Peabody Award-winning fantasy for children. (Channel 10)

9:30 p.m. - "House Without a Christmas Tree." A holiday drama set in a small Nebraska town in 1946. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m. - Wide World Special. The music and careers of rock performer Elton John and his lyricist Bernie Taupin are examined in this documentary. (Channel 25)

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. Guests perform their million-selling hits on the first segment of a two-part program to be concluded next week. Appearing are Paul Anka, Olivia Newton-John, Gordon Lightfoot, James Brown, Rufus, Barry White, Steve Miller Band and Bobby Womack. (Channel 10)

Highlight



The Columbia City Ballet will present the Tchaikovsky classic, "The Sleeping Beauty," December 13, 14 and 15 at Dreher Auditorium. "The Sleeping Beauty" is being offered as the City Ballet's traditional Christmas gift to the children of Columbia and children under six, when accompanied by an adult will be admitted free. The Columbia City Ballet is the only resident ballet company in the metropolitan area and is South Carolina's most nationally respected regional company. Many professional dancers have performed with the company and the ballet has also received many of the Ford Foundation Scholarships for dance study. Mimi Wortham will dance the lead role of the Princess Aurora, Roger Petersen is her Prince, Leslie Saunders is the Lilac Fairy and guest artist Jeffrey Judson will appear as the wicked Carabosse. The entire production is being directed by Ann Brodie and costumes were designed by John Whitehead. Performances on December 13 and 14 are scheduled for 8 p.m. There will be a 2:30 matinee on December 14 and 15 with a special 5 p.m. performance on December 15. For further information regarding this special Christmas program or the Columbia City Ballet contact the Columbia Music Festival Office, 1527 Senate Street, 256-2447.

The Charleston Symphony Orchestra will present a musical program at 8:30 p.m. December 14 at the Charleston Auditorium. For more details call the auditorium, 577-7400.

The USC Concert Choir will give a Christmas Concert 7 p.m. December 15 at the First Presbyterian Church.

Deep Purple will be at the Carolina Coliseum December 15 for an 8 p.m. concert. Tickets are \$4.50, \$5.50, and \$6.50 and are available at the Coliseum box office and Coliseum ticket outlets.

J. Geils Band is coming to the Charleston Auditorium December 16. For further information on the 7 p.m. concert call the Auditorium, 577-7400.

Hampton Street; or Eureka, 432 Center Street, West Columbia) or from the local television and radio stations. Proceeds from the game will be used in community prevention programs of the Drug Response Operation's special projects division. DRO is one of the programs sponsored by the Columbia Urban Service Center.

The Charleston Civic Ballet will present "The Nutcracker Suite Ballet" December 12 and 13 at the Charleston Auditorium. On the 12th there is a 11 a.m. matinee and on the 13th there will be an 8:30 p.m. performance. For further information call the auditorium, 577-7400.

television

Saturday, December 7

1 p.m. - NFL Football. The Atlanta Falcons meet the Minnesota Vikings at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minnesota. (Channel 19)

4 p.m. - NFL Football. The Cleveland Browns and the Dallas Cowboys play at the Texas Stadium in Irving, Texas. (Channel 10)

8 p.m. - "A Christmas Carol." An Oscar-winning

specials

The special projects division of the Drug Response Operation will sponsor the first annual Radio and Television All Star

Use
Osceola
Classifieds

A GOURMET'S DELIGHT

- * Gourmet Sandwiches
- * Great Drinks
- * Open 6 Days 11:00 a.m.—Midnight

Five Points
634 Harden Street
252-6595

STAGE DOOR



SWEETWATER JCT.

254-2376

950 HARDEN ST

CHRISTMAS SALE

\$229

COMPLETE KING SIZE WATERBED WITH HEADBOARD; 10 YR. GUARANTEE MATTRESS, HEATER, DELIVERY AND INSTALLATION;

EVENTS & ENTERTAINMENT

by Melissa Pruitt
December 6 - 13

cinema

If you're thinking of going to a movie, better call ahead to verify time and feature since many area theatres are subject to change after our deadline.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Enter the Dragon" and "Super Fly" (remember Curtis Mayfield's music?) comprise this week's R-rated double feature. Call the theatre for show times.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Cries of Ecstasy and Blows of Death" is -get this - an X-rated science fiction flick. Plus a second lively feature, "Dr., I'm Coming." Shows are continuous from 3:15 with the last complete showing at 8:45.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"Soldier Blue," starring Candice Bergen, returns. Rated PG, show times are 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9. The 11 p.m. late show December 6 and 7 is "Jimmy Plays Berkley."

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"High School Fantasies" is called "a fabulous flash of the '50s." Sounds like an X-rated "American Graffiti." Second

feature is "Touch Me," and the late show is "Fringe Benefits." Shows continuous from 1 p.m., last complete show at 9. Late shows begin at 11:30 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"American Graffiti," rated PG, is a nostalgic look at the teenagers of the early sixties. See review inside. Shows at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"The Wonder of It All," a nature flick, is here in time to provide family fun and entertainment. Rated G, shows are at 2, 4, 6 and 8.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"Billy Jack" is still drawing the crowds in. Rated PG, with shows at 1:20, 4:20 and 8.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Billy Jack" is playing here, too. Talk about money-makers! Shows at 1:30, 5 and 8:30.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

Andy Worhol's "Dracula" is continuing and no doubt is true to Warhol's form with lots of blood and violence. Rated X, with

shows at 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10 and 9.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Longest Yard," rated R, is still among us. Star Burt Reynolds is showing off his body again, this time as a pro football player who goes to prison. Show times are 2, 4:30, 7 and 9:15.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"Airport 1975" is about a 747 that collides with a small plane killing the crew. The plane full of stars is saved by that all-time hero, Charlton Heston. Rated PG, with shows at 1:10, 3:15, 5:20, 7:25 and 9:30. The December 6 and 7 midnight show is Donald Sutherland in "Alex in Wonderland."

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"The Klansman," rated R, stars Lee Marvin and Richard Burton. From the ads this flick appears to be about a town full of bigots. See review in this issue. Shows at 3, 5, 7 and 9. The weekend 11:15 late show (December 6 and 7) is "Horsefeathers," starring the Marx Brothers.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Serpico," starring Al Pacino is back. Serpico is the cop who found that to fight

crime he had to fight most of the New York police force. Rated R, with shows at 1:30, 4, 6:45 and 9:15.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Lieutenant Robin Crusoe" is a Walt Disney comedy starring Dick Van Dyke. Rated G, with shows at 1, 3, 5, 7 and 9. The December 6 and 7 late show is "Play Misty For Me," starting at 11:15.

theatre

USC Theatre's current production, "Franklin and Friends" will run through December 7. Show time is 8:15 p.m. at Drayton Hall Theatre and tickets are on sale at Drayton Hall box office between noon and 5 p.m. and one hour before curtain time. They are \$1 for all students, \$2 for USC faculty and staff and \$3 for all others. You can make reservations by calling 777-2551.

Workshop Theatre will present "Little Women," the first of the season's children's shows, through December 17. The play will be staged Tuesday through Sunday at 7:30 p.m. with added 3 p.m. matinees on Saturday and Sunday. On December 14

continued on page 15

**NOW
SHOWING**

NO PASSES
OR
SPECIAL
TICKETS



**FOX
DOWNTOWN Theatre**
1607 Main Street / 254-5212

1:20
4:40
8:00

**GAMECOCK¹
Theatre**
PARKLAND SHOPPING CENTER
Cayce, S.C. / 796-0022

1:30
5:00
8:30

The Trial of Billy Jack

It takes up where **BILLY JACK** left off.

Starring **DELORES TAYLOR** and **TOM LAUGHLIN**